

No More Stravaigin'

Gibb Todd

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(Gibb Todd)

No more to busk the Left Bank, the 'Cowboy Ecossais'
No more to sing in Contrescarpe where you had tae earn your pay
No more to hear the rhymin' from Paris tae Dunvegan
No more on the road so long, no more, no more stravaigin'

And no more down the Gallowgate or in the Scotia Bar
No more to hear the tall tales as he picked his big guitar
No more the songs a-scornin' complacency's contagion
No more on the road so long, no more, no more stravaigin'

And no more to sing of Woody, or Weary's Bonnie Wells
No more buy drink for all the boys up in Sandy Bell's
No more against hypocrisy his war be onward wagin'
No more on the road so long, no more, no more stravaigin'

And no more to be in TÅnder where he was known to all by name
Where we drank too much Gammeldansk, it was always him to blame
No more the Viseversehus, or with Thomas here in Skagen
No more on the road so long, no more, no more stravaigin'

And no more to sing the big songs that could bring a crowd to hush
No more double-meaning songs that made the lassies blush
No more to sing a thousand clubs, Glasgow to Copenhagen
No more on the road so long, no more, no more stravaigin'

Lyrics Submitted by Allan Gardiner

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